

THE
METAMORPHOSIS:
A
POEM.

SHEWING
The Change of SCRIBLERUS into SNARLERUS:
OR,
The Canine Appetite:
DEMONSTRATED
In the PERSONS of *P-p-e* and *Sw—t.*

—————'Tis fit
The Biter, sometimes, shou'd be bit. Vet. M.S.

This was writ by Dean Inceley.

*not much matter
in the writ it*



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T H E

Metamorphosis:

A

P O E M.

JOVE once, in Humour, fix'd an Hour,
To lay aside Immortal Power,
And, in a Trice, from Heav'n to come down,
And take a Trip, to visit *London*.
Quick, as a Thought, to Town he got,
And took up with his Friend, *B—M—te*.

Compliments pass'd ; He ask'd *M—te*, Whether
They, lately, had good, or bad Weather ?
How Things, at *Court* and '*Change* were going ?
— Or any Thing — that was worth knowing ?

M—te, seeing such a decent Stranger,
 Said, civilly; That, as for 'Change, Sir,
Stocks were a rising, Trade was snug,
 And that at Court all Things went rug.
 And we, *Booksellers* of the City,
 Are, all, grown rich, and wondrous witty.
 Witty and rich! beyond our Hope,
 Between an *Irish* Dean and *P—*!

Ay! Quoth the God: Then, let me tell ye,
 No such Delusion e'er befell ye:
 These are mere *Phantoms*: And the Shape,
 (That of a *Parson*, this an *Ape*)
 Is but fictitious; nor can Mortals
 What they are now, or will be foretell;
 Both are compos'd of such a Nature,
 Jove never form'd a similar Creature;
 And for this Reason, Mr. *M—te*,
 (All other Changes, now, forgot)
 Jove gave me Power, ('tis true by *Styx*)
 Their Natures, once for all, to fix;
 And so, two snarling Dogs I'll make 'em,
 And you shall lick their *Album Græcum*;
 With that to Heav'n the Thunderer fled;
 And poor *M—te*, frighten'd, went to Bed.

And

And ever after, 'twas their Drift

(A Spaniel P—p—e; a Mastiff Sw—t)

To teize and bite whate'er came next 'em,

Out of pure Spite, tho' nothing vex't 'em;

To bark, to insult, to run stark wild,

And foam at Woman, Man, and Child;

To *foul* and *dirt* each Place they came in,

And play some Pranks, unfit for naming.

But, when this noisy, snarling Pair,

Persisted, without Wit or Fear,

To run at every Thing about 'em;

The Neighbours, all, resolv'd to rout 'em;

To muzzle, tie 'em up, to hang 'em,

To starve, to brain 'em, nay, to hang 'em.

This they were told; But without Profit;

For, *Bark* they wou'd, whate'er came of it.

So, on they go, from Street to Street,

And fly at every Thing they meet;

Their Mouths they ope, and Cock their Tail;

So true 'tis; *Nature will prevail.*

With that, Folk cry'd, *All Hands to work,*

Let's use them worse than *Jew* or *Turk*:

And catch'd they were, by *Craft*, in *Gin*,

And put to *Thorough Discipline.*

First, *M—e* began their *Nails* to pare,
 And cut close to the very *Hair*.
 But *E—n*, of a bloody Mind,
 To *Cut their Throats* was more inclin'd;
 Yet said; No, Hang't; Hence come the Wrongs,
 And so, He whip't out both their Tongues.
Cu—l next advanc'd and full of Spight,
 Swore, that they never more shou'd bite;
 And, falling to his Work, like mad,
 He kick'd out every Tooth they had.
 But *Lin—t*, frighted with the Gore,
 Which stream'd, in Floods, along the Floor,
 To stop the *Flow*, and wash their Mouth,
 Piss'd, plentifully upon both.
 Swearing, that while he cou'd make *Water*,
P—e ne'er shou'd want such saline *Matter*.

Well done! quoth *D—is*: But of all
 Ye do, be sure, *Let out their Gall*;
 Deprive the *Currs* of what makes *Ink*;
 And then we'll thrash 'em, till they stink.

With that, *Len W—d*, wondrous keen
 Levell'd his *Penknife* at their *Spleen*;

And, with *Loud Laugh*, cry'd, *Here 'tis!*
 (Ev'n *Twittering*, till he 'gan to piss)
 No more, I warrant ye; no! ne'er, O!
 Shall they make me their *Grub-street Hero*.

Quoth C—k, all this is, still, in vain,
 Unless we try to *Turn their Brain*;
 For, if that Part continues right,
 These *Whelps*, the same Way, still will write,
 And, even, without Teeth, they'll *Bite*.

With that C—n—n—n cry'd, 'Tis true;
 First then, dear C—k, I'll take from you
 Some of your *strongest, Humming Lines*,
 Where your *Poetick Posse* shines;
 To these, what Lines, *My Boast have been*,
 (No Matter whether read or seen)
 I'll join; and then to *Powder* burn 'em:
 Their Brains! — ne'er fear, *this Snuff will turn 'em*:
 Nothing besides, effect this can,
 Unless * *Th' Hymn of a Gentleman!*
 O! Those sweet Lines; so soft! so sad!
 If they don't find, they'll make them mad.
 But, if this fails, take what's before us;
 G—'s *W—t—d—c—t*, or *W—l—'s Horace*:

* Compos'd by L. W. Esq;

Or look o'er *T—ge*, for he has *Stuff*
 Sufficient for a Load of *Snuff*:
 Or, if more's wanting still, you'll be well
 Supplied from *Par—l*, *Tr—p* or *Se—ll*:
 Or, if the Thing, at once, you'd Hit,
 Burn every Thing *D—* has writ.

But take the greatest Care, I pray;
 Keep *D—d—g—n* out of your Way;
 And, above all, be very wary,
 Use not one Line of *Lady Mary*;
 One Syllable, in their Works found,
 Wou'd quite destroy the whole *Compound*.

Waes me! It is so: these two *Bablers*
 (In Poetry the *Tip-top* Dablers)
 Who ran thro' every House a bawling;
 Up-stairs and down-stairs, with their squalling:
 Now, *Tied* and *Coupled*; like *Jack Horner*,
 Lye driv'ling in the *Chimney Corner*;
 Of all their *Currish Tricks* bereft;
 No *Grin*, no *Gibe*; Not one *Snarl* left:
 Nor any Thing, but *Rubing*, *Itching*:
 The *Joke*, and *Scorn* of all the *Kitchen*!

F I N I S.